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Puck

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MERELY A QUESTION OF TAPPING BAR'LS!



WHILE I TOIL IN THE TORRID TOWN.



WHILE I TOIL in this torrid town,
 You, whom I love, are far away,
 And on your pretty face a frown
 Because still from your side I stay.
 As if 't were choice that keeps me here
 So far from you I love the best!
 'T is duty, and it costs me dear—
 To be with you! Ah, that were blest!
 But we must keep such fond hopes down
 While I toil in this torrid town.

While I toil in this torrid town,
 You pass the day in shady nooks;
 And vainly strive your thoughts to drown
 In shallow depths of Summer books.
 Sometimes, across the fields you stray
 Where sweet, wild flowers at you smile,
 Their beauty tempting you to stay * * *
 Sometimes you pause upon the stile—
 No one is there to help you down,
 While I toil in this torrid town.

While I toil in this torrid town
 The Summer long, and you are free
 To stray till Autumn's fields are brown
 Through country lanes, and without me;
 Take care! 'Mid flowers that you pull
 There lurks the poison oak and such;
 Forget not that the farmer's bull
 Objects to red umbrellas much;
 And other men! Oh, at them frown
 While I toil in this torrid town!

Roy L. McCardell.



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A DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE.

MISS PLUMPLY (*sweetly*).—Every one says I'm so easy to get along with.
 CHARLEY SHORTBREATH (*who wishes he was ashore*).—Do they refer to you on land or on water?

PARADOXICAL.

JASPAR.—If you want a rest why don't you go out to some solitary place for the Summer?

JUMPUPPE.—Because the solitary places are always overcrowded during the Summer.

CURIOUS.

TEACHER.—What was Washington's object in making the perilous trip across the Delaware?

DICK HICKS.—He wanted to see if the peach crop was a failure.

AS USUAL.

BROWN.—I suppose the women are in the majority at Clam Shell Beach?

JONES.—Yes—in a hopeless majority.

SUGAR.

“I see Senator Hardrocks does n't spend a day a week at his desk. What words can describe the laziness of these United States Senators?”

“Two words—‘loaf sugar.’”

DRUMMER.—I got my face badly tanned when I was out of town last week.

MISS PERT.—Rusted you mean, don't you?

FOR “CARTOONS AND COMMENTS,” SEE SEVENTH PAGE.



DEPENDS.

VAN PELT. — I don't believe in a woman jumping out of a window to marry a man; do you?
MISS SEARS. — U'm — what floor?

A COUNTRY DREAM IN THE CITY.

NOW I DREAM about the country in the city close and hot,
While I mop my brow and polish off the Collins like a shot;
On! I dream about the bumble-bee beneath the breezy bough,
And the rosy, fragrant clover as it robes the inner cow.

Oh! I drift in fancy's shallop all along a fairy shore,
And I hear the robin singing till his thorax must be sore;
And I feel the breezes blowing o'er the meadows sweet and cool,
While the schoolboys are cavorting 'round the dear old swimming pool.

In the white rose dives the humming-bird in drunken ecstasy,
And the rasping tree-toad's rasping, till he almost barks the tree;
Oh! I hear the frog "cachunking," and the crow in hunger caw
While I whack the lush mosquito that's prospecting on my jaw.

Oh, the country! Oh, the country! It is lovely, don't you know,
With its gay and festive sunrise, and its touchful afterglow;
With its milkmaid sweetly blushing as upon the mead she stands,
And the hoary-whiskered farmer with the freckles on his hands.

But I know a finer transport, that I can not well conceal,
As I linger in the zephyr of the town's electric wheel;
And the Collins at my elbow, as it fizzes with a will,
Knocks the poet's dainty glamor off the crystal of the rill.

So I'll linger in the city while the Summer rolls away,
And the rattle of the trolley will be music sweet and gay;
Oh! I'll fly not to the country, where the bullock frisks in fun,
Lest, perchance, I be projected from the muzzle of a gun.

R. K. Munkittrick.

RATHER LOUD.

MISS BOSTON. — What was the hue of the dress to which you objected?

MR. GADABOUT. — I would describe it as a sort of hue and cry.



AN EXPLANATION.

LITTLE ISAAC. — Fadder, what does dis mean? "Efery cloud has a silver lining."

FADDER. — I dink dot means financial clouds, like fires und vailures, mein son.

OUR COUSIN IN THE NAVY.

OUR COUSIN in the Navy was the one great hero of our youthful days. We discussed him in awed whispers, as visions arose in our minds of a handsome lad, always ready to shiver his timbers, who wore a cutlass and scorned suspenders. We knew how he had run away from a cross step-mother at an early age and gone to sea, and, after a few years service in the merchant-marine, entered the navy.

Time rolled on, circumstances had changed, and I lived in New York. Cousin Jack had been lost to sight for many years and was almost forgotten; when, happening to read an exhaustive article on "The Percentage of Native Americans in the New Navy," my eye, running down the tables, stopped instinctively at the name, "Jack Mainbrace, American, able seaman U. S. S. Atlanta." "Why, it's Cousin Jack!" I said to my wife. "Write him to come and see us; the Atlanta is at the Navy Yard," said she. "He'll be so surprised to find you're married and have a baby!" — forgetting that Our Cousin in the Navy had never met me in his life, and, possibly, was not aware of my existence. However, I wrote.

It was some weeks afterward, as we were at dinner, that the servant came in flushed and excited with the startling information that some strange-looking man was murdering the janitor. Without taking my hat I rushed down to the street, with what intention I know not, unless it was to reward the terrible unknown, and assist him in hiding the body. Upon reaching the sidewalk I found the janitor sitting on the steps, with a bleeding nose, while over him stood a six-foot swarthy sailor somewhat under the influence of liquor, but seemingly cool and collected, and chewing vigorously on a huge quid of tobacco to the accompaniment of the most terrible flow of profanity I have ever heard; — this latter coming from a large parrot of brilliant plumage, perched upon the sailor's shoulder.

Janitor, parrot, sailor; — I gazed inquiringly from one to the other, half dazed, as the idea forced itself upon me convincingly that the latter was Our Cousin in the Navy.

The street by this time was blocked by a constantly increasing crowd, children predominating. "Here, what's all this row about?" I cried. "This party said he wanted to see you, sir," said the janitor; "and he hit me in the nose when I tried to keep him out until he told his business." "Served you right for not minding yours," said I; then I turned toward Our Cousin in the Navy, who was endeavoring to check the parrot's somewhat demonstrative flow of feeling by squirting tobacco juice in its eye as it sat on his shoulder, and told him who I was.

It was when we were upstairs in my own apartments that our Cousin came out strong. He kissed my wife, nearly wrung my hands off shaking them, threw the baby up in the air, dextrously caught it again, and sat down on the sofa, smiling benevolently and chewing voraciously. Being reminded that I had written to him a month ago, he replied sententiously: "Bin in the brig;" and then, emitting a roar of laughter, he opened a bundle that, wrapped in a huge bandanna handkerchief, had been upon



A SPAT AVERTED.

"Have you nothing warm for supper?" demanded the Goat, petulantly.

"Yes," answered his wife with a sweet smile; "here is a nice piece of chinchilla overcoat."

his arm all the while. From this he produced a patent flask, evidently recently purchased on the Bowery. It had a cup attachment and was full of whiskey. I remember he did not call it "grog," as I expected, but

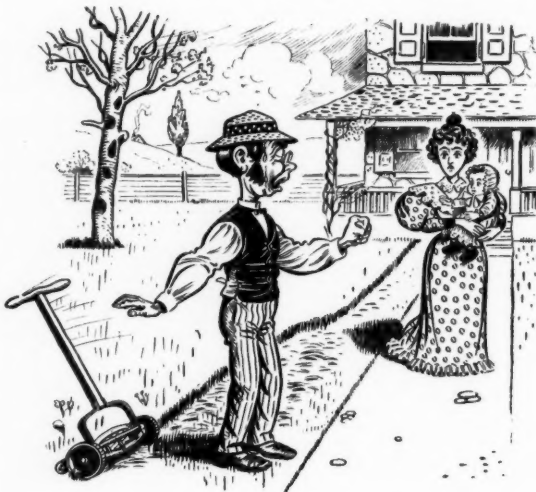
"red eye." It did not belie its name. But we could not refuse to drink with him, beginning with my wife, to whom, as he expressed it, he took "a big shine;" and all around we drank "Land Sharks Avast!" — to which, as I knew it bore reference to the janitor, I drank deeply.

This was the beginning of the visits of Our Cousin in the Navy. He came every other day. He left the hard-swearing parrot, a bird of the most defiant disposition, with us. This was a special gift to my wife, who was in terror of her life of it.

And despite the fact that he never came to see us wholly sober, we could not help liking Our Cousin in the Navy. The baby took to him from the start, and loved him dearly. The servant was not averse to his somewhat breezy gallantries. My wife was won over by his worship of her, and I confess he was at all times interesting to me.

However, the janitor fomented and added to the complaints the other tenants made, and the mothers in the neighborhood were terrified at his presence when, after his third visit, two little boys of the innocuous Fauntleroy type made an attempt to run

WIFELY STRATEGY.



MR. PROSPECT HEIGHTS (who has lately moved from Brooklyn to Lonesomehurst). — Confound it, Kate! I'll not push that blister-raising, back-breaking lawn-mower another foot, even if the grass grows as high as my head.



MRS. PROSPECT HEIGHTS. — This grass must be cut, and John must do it. I always was handy at contriving.



MR. PROSPECT HEIGHTS. — By Jingo! This is downright pleasure. Takes me right back to the old times in Brooklyn.

away to sea, via the Long Island marshes. His bringing a tattooing outfit with him and putting a fat female in red tights, supposedly an effigy of Liberty, on the arm of Master Lionel Smythe, during a particularly long wait in the doorway, was the last straw.

What was to be done? It was a month yet ere the Atlanta was to sail; we did not wish to move, and we *would not* hurt the feelings of Our Cousin in the Navy by telling him to cease his visits. Finally I remembered some ship rules about shore leave and the overstaying of the same, and we decided upon a plan which we successfully carried out. On the occasion of his next visit, Our Cousin in the Navy was met by a few dear friends of my bachelor days, whom I had invited to the house that evening. There were Dukes and Ripley, Artists; Parke Rowe, Phil Space and Mugby, Journalists; and Mulligan, the last of a race of kings, who ran a Man-about-Town Column in a Trade Paper of blackmailing proclivities. They were all good, generous, foolish, hail-fellows well met, not averse to anything save work. Our Cousin in the Navy was boon companion to them all in five minutes. The time passed pleasantly until ten. We had claret cup and sang "Juanita," "Sailing," "Starboard Watch Ahoy," "Maid of the Mill," "Ben Bolt" and other good old songs, maritime and sentimental, in which Our Cousin's stentorian bass had full swing. Then we adjourned to the dining-room for a light lunch and some good liquor. We played quarter limit until the dawn blushed, like the cheek of



ADMIRED HIM.

REVEREND MR. FIFTHLY.—Yes; my first call was for five hundred dollars.

SAGE BRUSH BILL.—Well, pardner, for a tenderfoot, you must have been playing a pretty stiff no-limit game.

A TEST OF DISTINCTION.

BROWN.—There goes old Captain Jones. I believe he was quite prominent in New York forty years ago.

ELDERLY PARTY.—I guess he did n't amount to much.

BROWN.—What makes you think so?

ELDERLY PARTY.—Well, if he'd been in the Volunteer Fire Department would n't I have known it?

PROOF OF IT.

VON BLUMER.—Are those new night shirts your wife made you a success?

WITHERBY.—Yes, indeed! I wore one of them to church the other day underneath my regular, and I did n't sleep a wink.



EXPLAINED.

CHOLLY.—I wondah why Dicky twies to look so old?

REGGY.—Why, deah boy, don't you know Wales is a gwandfathah?

a young girl, on the Jersey palisades. Then Our Cousin, who had shown a proficiency in poker that was a credit to our new navy, parted pathetically with his new found friends and was led away to bed.

It was late in the afternoon when he awoke, fresh as a daisy, but somewhat cast down over the fact that he had overstayed his leave of absence, or "broke his liberty," as he put it.

After that the neighborhood was at peace, it being the last visit from Our Cousin in the Navy. He was deprived of further liberty ashore during the rest of the time the Atlanta lay at the Navy Yard. But the day she sailed for Southern Shores we were at the cob dock to see him off. He wrung our hands in his gallant, awkward, manly way, and waved a brilliant bandanna at us until the gallant ship, amid the tooting of tugs, was far down the bay.

He is away for a three years' cruise, and we have nothing to remind us of him but the patent flask and the profane parrot. But we feel that wherever our good ships go, our country's honor is safe in the hands of such men as Our Cousin in the Navy.

Roy L. McCardell.

THE POLITICIAN'S FAVORITE NOVEL—"Put Yourself in His Place."

THIS IS an age in which new great dictionaries are becoming as numerous in hand as new bicycles and cigarettes.

THE HARD knot of matrimony often becomes a slip knot in the divorce court.

DON'T THINK that because a man has done you a favor he is under everlasting obligations to you.



THE ONE THING LACKING.

Hebe sighs sadly, "What use can the sea be, If for desolate Hebe no he be?"



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PRIDE BROOKS DESTRUCTION.

MR. CASEY (as the ball crashes through the window and lands in the stew).—Holy Sassenach! Th' boy thot did thot Oi 'll have th' loife av!

NO BIAS.

JOHNSON.—I have been chosen as arbitrator in the matter of those labor troubles on the X. Y. & Z. road!

THOMPSON.—Why, you are a stockholder in that road!

JOHNSON.—That's just it. Everybody wanted a disinterested party, and the stockholders have n't received a dividend in fifteen years.

"Do you want the earth?"

"No," replied the stock-broker; "it's three-quarters water."

ANY ONE can pick a winner;
But even easier 't is
To designate the loser,
By the accents of his phiz.



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PENURIOS.

FIRST BOY.—Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old shoes!

SECOND BOY.—He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth.

A SPECIOUS PHRASE.

MRS. NORRIS.—What does this paper mean when it says, "The reasons which induced the company to take this step are obvious?"

MR. NORRIS.—It means that the reporter could n't find out.

IMMORAL SUASION.

IT'S NOT half so often we're laid in the dust
By one overtopping temptation,
As the ticklesome sinlets, too wee to distrust,
Encompass our mortification.

Knocks fray fewer elbows than yield to the rub;
And for playing the deuce altogether
It is n't the devil who comes with a club,
But the devil that comes with a feather.

C. F. L.



MR. CASEY (excitedly).—Put dthe cover an the dish, Mary Ann, so they can't foind dthe ball. It's our Mikey as swiped dthe hit, an' he's made two home runs on it already.

REFORM NEEDED.

BROWN.—I understand you were at church, Sunday. What was the sermon about?

JONES.—Something about laying up treasure where moths can't rust or burglars break in and steal.

BROWN.—Humph! Advertising some safe deposit company, I suppose. Wonder some of those preachers would n't stick to religion and let outside matters alone!

THE RULES OF THE RING.

"What happened when they got their divorce?"
"They shook hands."



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"WON BY WAITING."

POSSIBLY.

MISS SUMMIT (at the ball).—You look worn-out to-night.

MISS PALISADE.—Do I?

MISS SUMMIT.—Yes; you must have been dancing.

BIGHEAD.—Women, as a rule, are so gay and light-hearted they grow old before they know it.

SHARPLY.—Oh, you're wrong there! They grow old before they let anyone else know it.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

DANTE'S INFERNO UP TO DATE.

Argument — Guided by P. Vergilius Maro Puck, Uncle Dante Alighieri Sam descends into the ninety-ninth limbo of the infernal regions and views the dreadful but fitting punishment reserved for the Senate of the Fifty-third Congress of the United States, whereat he is at once appalled and edified.

Canto IV. — XI. — XLIV.

ONWARD WE WENT, descending deeper ever,
Until there came upon our frightened vision
The chiefest horror of the home of horrors.

For here behold we came on a procession
In penitential garb of livid color,
Lined all with lead — intolerable burden!

Beating their breasts they came, and ever onward
Passed to a lake of fire and steam and sulphur,
Mixed with much mud, and ready to engulf them.

"Here!" said my guide; "behold the shameless Senate
That jeopardized the country's business fortunes
To fry the fat out of the Sugar Schedules.

"This is that gray McPherson of New Jersey!"
And here he pointed to a hoary sinner,
Who by the hand his youthful son was leading.

And ever wearily his lips repeated:
"It was the cook — or else it was the butler,
It was the cook — oh, miserable household!"

"Remorse has seized upon that aged party,"
Remarkd my guide, "too late to save his bacon;
From Paradise the cook shall see him sizzle."

Then came another, brazen-faced and clamorous,
Defiant even as he took his torture, —
Quay was his name in life, and Mud at present.

Another came with scowling face turned backward,
Muttering forever on his weary journey:
"Where is the hole the old man did not
get in?"

"This is that Hill who faced all ways for Sunday,"
Proclaimed my guide; "his voice is changed
and broken;
He chews forever on a red-hot peanut."

Then came lean Pepper, and I saw his whiskers
Changed into myriad threads of red-hot
sulphur,
Writhing like snakes upon a red-hot griddle.

Then Gorman came, and he was wretained with
vipers,
And all the vipers diligently stung him —
And all fell dead and others took their places.

Let me not further paint the scene of anguish;
Traitorous and vile I knew these hardened sinners,
But pity made me restless in my stomach.

Onward they journeyed to the lake of sulphur.
My guide gazed on with eyes of satisfaction;
"Three times a day," he said, "they go in bathing."

Into the beverage moved the sad procession,
Wherefrom arose a shrieking, and a steaming
Like unto sugar burnt, whereat I fainted.

When from my swoon I had in part recovered,
Out of the deep I saw the gang emerging
With an appearance of extreme discomfort.

Then from the higher clouds a throng of demons
Swooped down upon the lake with mops and brushes,
And barrels of soft soap, and washed the sulphur.

NOW FOR BUSINESS.

WHATEVER VARYING opinions may exist as to the character of the Tariff Bill passed by Congress on August 13th, there is no doubt that the long and vexatious discussion over it has served two useful ends. In the first place, it has put an end to the absurd old humbug of looking upon the tariff schedule of 1883 as a sacred fetish not to be meddled with without incurring irretrievable disaster. In the second place, it has shown the people that the representatives of the various industries who have argued their individual cases before the committees of Congress have not appeared as citizens defending their natural rights, but as business men trying to drive bargains with the Government for State aid at the expense of their fellow tax-payers. No reasonable man now contends that the business of the country will not adjust itself to any artificial conditions created by this bill, as it has in times past adjusted itself to the artificial conditions created by other bills of the same nature. But the best of the bill is that it is a first and most important step toward the bill that will some day be passed, relieving our trade of all artificial restrictions, and leaving it to that free development under which it is sure to prove the most formidable among all the competitors of the earth. It is the first breach in the Chinese wall, and it will prove an object lesson to show the folly and evil of maintaining any part of the structure that cramps and confines the commerce of a mighty people.

WHEN WOMAN VOTES.

MRS. FRANCLYN WILMOT. — I shall never speak to her again — the mean thing!

MRS. T. WILLIAM FRANCHISE. — What did she do?

MRS. WILMOT. — She challenged my vote!



NOT A PARTNERSHIP AFFAIR.

TAMMANY. — That's tough! We'll have to pay for it now!
RESPECTABLE DEMOCRAT. — Not we'll; — you'll!



G.J. Taylor

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DANTE'S INFERNO UP

GUIDED BY P. VERGILIUS MARO PUCK, UNCLE DANTE ALIGHIERI SAM DESCENDS INTO THE
DREADFUL BUT FITTING PUNISHMENT RESERVED FOR THE SENATE OF THE
WHEREAT HE IS AT ONCE APPALLING

PUCK.



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

NO UP TO DATE.

ENDS INTO THE NINETY-NINTH LIMBO OF THE INFERNAL REGIONS AND VIEWS THE
SENATE OF THE FIFTY-THIRD CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES,
ANCE APPALLED AND EDIFIED.
—(For Poem, see Seventh Page.)

HEIGHTS AND DEPTHS.



WHEN we hie us away to the high, green hills,
Awile on their cliffs to stay,
We find, alas! that the hotel bills
Are higher, by far, than they.

But when we go down to the ocean's sweep,
On dipping and diving bent,
'T is then we go down in our pockets deep,
Deep, deep as the last red cent!

Madeline S. Bridges.

NO NOVELTY.

PARKE.—It must be a peculiar sensation to be hypnotized.

CLARKE.—I understand that you feel about the same as you do when your wife makes up her mind.

"[S DANCING wicked?]"

"Not for those who are bad enough to know how to dance well."



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DANGEROUS GROUND.

FRIEND.—What the dickens are you doing in that base-ball togger?

MR. HOWSON LOTT.—They belong to my son. The family is away, and I'm just going down to give a few orders to the cook!

GOT IT.

D'AUBER.—Great heavens, old man! How did you get the black eye?

WRIGHTER.—I went over to the East side to get some local color for my "City Pastels" series, and had a run in with a growler gang.

PROFESSIONALLY SPEAKING.

SOCK.—How is Hustler getting along with his circus of Trained Fleas?

BUSKIN.—Things look bright for him. He tried it on the dog in Newark last week with great success.

AN INSUPERABLE OBSTACLE.

BORAX.—I wonder if this bicycle craze among the women is likely to last?

SAMJONES.—Oh, no! it's impossible. It won't take a female bicyclist long to find out that she can't straighten her hat on a wheel.



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A FULL SUPPLY.

INNOCENT-LOOKING OLD LADY.—Have you—er—a—any fly-paper?

NEW CLERK (*knowingly*).—Well, I should say we had! Here's "The Divorce Court Mirror," "Police Pullings," "Society Slush;" all of 'em pretty fly, I tell you.

"MUSIC HATH POWER—"

"Were you moved by her music?"

"Yes; it amounted to that. I think we should have kept the flat for another year if it had n't been for her."

PAPA (*reading*).—The naturalist, who had slipped from the edge of the precipice, gathered momentum as he fell.

MAMA.—Mercy! Kept right on picking flowers even when he knew he was going to be killed!



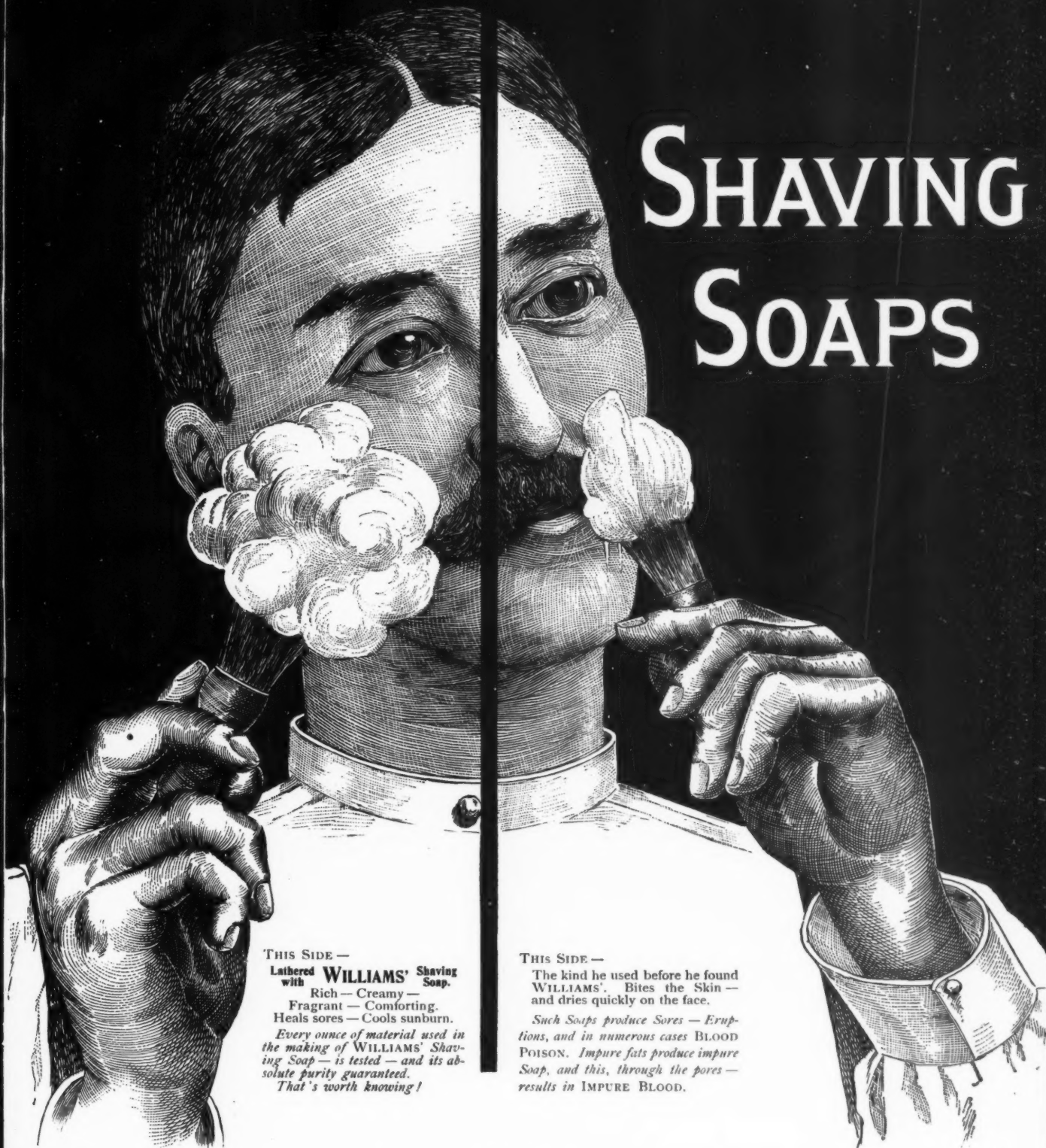
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A BRIGHT EXAMPLE.

SOILED SAWYER (*to mother, who is chiding son for misbehavior*).—Oh, don't be too severe on the boy, Madam! He'll outgrow it. I was no better at his age!

WILLIAMS'

SHAVING SOAPS



THIS SIDE —
Lathered with **WILLIAMS' Shaving Soap.**

Rich — Creamy —
Fragrant — Comforting.
Heals sores — Cools sunburn.
Every ounce of material used in
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ing Soap — is tested — and its ab-
solute purity guaranteed.
That's worth knowing!

THIS SIDE —

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WILLIAMS'. Bites the Skin —
and dries quickly on the face.

Such Soaps produce Sores — Erup-
tions, and in numerous cases BLOOD
POISON. Impure fats produce impure
Soap, and this, through the pores —
results in IMPURE BLOOD.

Try it — and you will know by experience *why* those who
have *once* used WILLIAMS' *always* use WILLIAMS'.

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Oldest and most famous
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WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS FEEL LIKE SOFT, RICH, DELICIOUS CREAM WHEN APPLIED TO THE FACE. IF THE FACE BE CHAPPED OR SORE FROM ANY CAUSE — THE RELIEF IS EXQUISITE.

REALLY A SERIOUS MATTER.
ACTOR.—Hurry, or we'll miss the train.

ACTRESS.—I can't find my diamonds or my purse.

"Oh! well, never mind."

"Yes; but the purse had ten dollars in it."—*New York Weekly*.

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

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Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

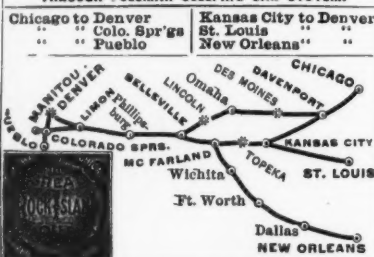
Where to Go this Summer

The Direct Line to MANITOU and PIKE'S PEAK is

The Great Rock Island Route

Ticket takes you through Denver, going or returning, at the same price, or take the direct Manitou line. (See map.)

THROUGH PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR SYSTEM.



Our Big 5 is the train. Leaves Chicago at 10 o'clock every night and arrives at Manitou second morning. Quick trip. Most excellent equipment. Dining Cars, Chair Cars, and superb Pullman Sleepers.

Don't fail to go to top of Pike's Peak by the Cog Railroad. Wonderful experience. Your Ticket Agent can tell you all about it and sell you ticket with your Colorado Tourist Ticket, should you so desire.

JNO. SEBASTIAN,
Chicago, May, 1894. Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Two Bad Brown Eyes

By MARIE ST. FELIX.

Author of "A Little Game With Destiny," which created an unparalleled sensation by its frank dealing with social idiosyncrasies; a book which offered food for serious reflection to the student of human nature.

Two Bad Brown Eyes is a powerful delineation of character, written in the author's most brilliant style. The scene is laid at the World's Fair in Chicago, and humorous descriptions abound, relieving the shadows of the story.

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DANGEROUS PROCEEDINGS.

WINKS.—My gracious, old boy, you are all banged up!

BINKS.—I should say I was.

WINKS.—What did you do—dispute the right of way with a trolley car, or talk like a free-born American to a policeman?—*New York Weekly*.

DID you ever see a Summer girl eating corn off the cob? She looks just as bad as other folks, and her face gets just as greasy.—*Atchison Globe*.

STRIKES may spread, but they don't spread the workingman's bread.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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A GLANCE AT HIS ENEMY.

KANSAS FARMER (in the Meteorological instrument dealer's—with a tinge of savagery in his voice).

—Say, Mister man, show me the machine that makes your cyclones.

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WHAT HE SAID.

VAN DAUB.—What did Criticus say about my picture? Faint praise, I suppose?

VAN DYKE.—Not at all. It was n't faint, and it was n't praise.—*Truth*.

MANY a gifted preacher can find time to read a new book every week, who could n't find the parable of the prodigal son without a concordance.

—*Ram's Horn*.

YEAST.—Was that the Doctor I saw coming out of your house a little while ago?

CRIMSONBEAK.—Yes, it was.

"Is your brother worse?"

"Yes; ten dollars worse."

—*Yonkers Statesman*.

No woman is such a slouch at mathematics that she can't tell in half a minute how much her husband would save in the course of a year if he shaved himself.—*Atchison Globe*.

SELF-DENIAL is about the last thing some people undertake when they start out to be religious.—*Ram's Horn*.

It is usually a great big man who insults you.—*Atchison Globe*.

A DISAGREEABLE HABIT.
OLD GRUMPPS.—Sure that girl loves you instead of your money?
SON.—Absolutely. Why, she actually keeps count of the kisses I give her!
OLD GRUMPPS.—H'm! That's bad. She may keep it up after marriage.—*New York Weekly*.

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The illustration shows a group of people in formal attire. A man in a dark suit and a woman in a light-colored dress are in the foreground, looking towards the camera. Behind them are other people, including a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. They appear to be at a social gathering or a party.

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WIFE.—I'll have it changed if you wish; but this stuff costs ten dollars a yard.

HUSBAND.—U'm—well, never mind.—*New York Weekly*.

WHEN a farmer comes to town with a young colt following an old mare, he is as proud of it as a woman is of a baby.—*Atchison Globe*.

WHEN a boy goes out West hunting, and writes home that he killed a deer, he can fool his mother, but he can't fool his father.—*Atchison Globe*.

Puck's Domestic Comedies

PUCK's publishers have been making a Howarth Book, and it cannot fail to outsell any quarter comic they have published. Howarth is a jewel, and well deserves the distinction of having a book all to himself.

—S. F. Book and News Dealer.

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THE CHAOS OF GOOD ORDER.
WIFE.—Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is! How did you get along before you were married?
HUSBAND.—Things staid where they were put then.—*New York Weekly.*

LETTING HER DOWN EASY.
FOND MOTHER.—Do you think my daughter will become a fine pianist?
PROF. VON THUMP.—I am afraid not, Madame. But after another year's practice, her fingers will be limbered up so dot she can make a prilliant success mit a typewriter. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

SOMEHOW the novelists never see the warts on the faces of their heroines.—*Atchison Globe.*

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.
MRS. HOUSEHOLD-ER.—The iceman did n't call this morning!
Cook.—Yes, Ma'am, he did. There is a puddle on the doorstep.—*Truth.*

THERE are educated pigs, but there are none that do not like mud.—*Ram's Horn.*

WE think the funniest thing in the world is a coy old thing.—*Atchison Globe.*

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NO CHANCE.
POWELL.—The cost of the cigars and whiskey consumed in this country in one year would build a navy.
MITFORD.—Yes; but it never will.
—*Truth.*

If it is always warm in heaven, the flies must be awful.—*Atchison Globe.*

WHEN men get drunk, they usually call each other 'boys'. —*Atchison Globe.*

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EDITH.—Oh, Mama! Do you know that I am twenty-five years old?

MAMA.—Why, no! You are not, you foolish child.

EDITH.—Yes; I've been figuring it up. When Jimmy was one year old, I was five; now he's five, and so I must be twenty-five.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

FRIEND.—Going to have an old-fashioned Fourth of July celebration, are you?

AMERICAN CITIZEN (1900).—Yes-siree. Flags of all nations will wave from the City Hall, and the Declaration of Independence will be read in sixteen languages.—*New York Weekly.*

GAS NOT NEEDED.

DENTIST.—What! You don't want gas? You insisted upon having gas the last time.

VICTIM.—You have n't been eating onions this time.—*New York Weekly.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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ANXIOUS TO RIDE NOW.

CLARA.—I am going to ask Papa to get me a bicycle.

MOTHER.—Have you consulted the doctor?

CLARA.—No; but I have consulted the dressmaker. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

USE OF SUMMER SCHOOLS.

LITTLE BROTHER.—What are these Summer schools that folks talk about?

LITTLE SISTER.—Oh, they are places where school-teachers go every vacation to study up, so we won't get ahead of zem.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

WE never yet saw a man riding a bicycle who looked as if he enjoyed it.—*Atchison Globe.*

A NEIGHBORLY HINT.

MRS. SUBURB.—Why in the world don't you grease that lawn-mower of yours?

NEIGHBOR'S HIRED MAN. — The Misses told me not to till you had your pianer tuned.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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All Druggists. Large Box 50 cents.

ASK THEIR WIVES.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
As home his footsteps he has turned,
"I clean forgot that, I'll be derved!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

HE (at the Summer resort).—And you say you are obliged to break your marriage engagement with Mr. Huggins?

SHE.—Why, certainly; he goes back to work to-morrow.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ONE of the publications that we look forward to receiving is PICKINGS FROM PUCK, and a specimen of the twelfth crop has just arrived as fresh and delightful as the appearance of the "Summer Girl" who adorns the title-page. Everybody reads PUCK nowadays, and so it is not necessary to recommend or praise it, only to say that PICKINGS is a selection of some of its best features, both in reading matter and pictures.—*Boston Times.*

WORSE AND WORSE!

ENFANT TERRIBLE. — Mrs. Myles was praising you to-day, Mama, to Mrs. Renwick. I was on the other side of the garden wall and heard 'em.

MAMA. — What did she say?

ENFANT TERRIBLE. — She said there was worse old gossips than you in the town, after all.—*Truth.*

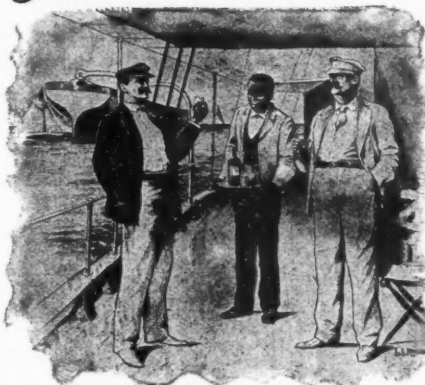
SOME of the crops of the farmer may not be as abundant this year as usual, but the "12th crop" of PICKINGS FROM PUCK offers a rich and generous yield of clean and "fetching" humor from pen and pencil. There are 64 pages of it, enclosed in an illuminated cover of original design. The volume is one of the most attractive of the dozen "crops" harvested, quite a number of the illustrations being printed in colors. It forms a collection of bright reading for Summer—and also for Fall, Winter and Spring. Price 25 cents. For sale at news-stands.—*Norristown Herald.*

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HISTORIAN.—Why have the Quakers so nearly disappeared?

OBSERVER.—The girls married outsiders who would buy them pretty bonnets; and the boys married girls who wore pretty bonnets.—*N. Y. Weekly.*



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UNSATISFIED.

Oh! life is a season of dire discontent;
Of sorrowful watching and wailing;
In Winter we sigh for the Fourth of July,
And in Summer we're eager for skating.
—*Washington Star.*

THE TWINS IN DISTRESS.

MISTRESS.—What in the world is the matter with the twins?

NURSE.—Sure I don't know; but from the way they've been frettin' and cryin' all day, it's my opinion that they've mixed themselves up and can't tell which is which.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

"I DON'T exactly catch your drift," is what George Gould remarked to Prince Edward.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If women should turn anarchists
We know that in a thrice
The dynamite they would discard,
And fill up bombs with mice.
—*Inter Ocean.*

A GREAT deal of light is frequently cast on a man's character by having him shadowed.—*Truth.*

WHEN a husband runs across an old love-letter he wrote to his wife, he always laughs; but his wife cries.—*Atchison Globe.*

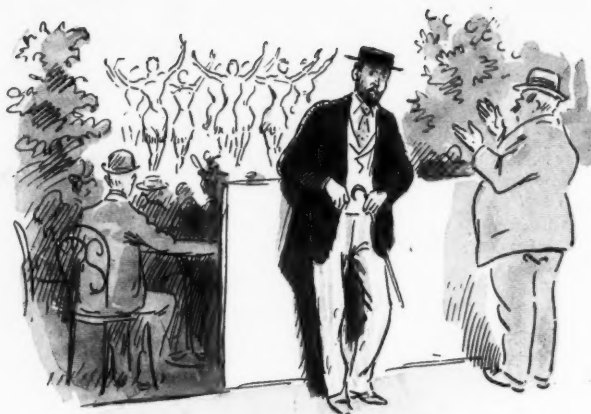
MONEY is called "dust," Constance, because so many persons are blinded by it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*



MRS. YOUNGHUB (off for a visit to her mother).—I shall not stay more than three weeks, dear. Remember your promise to tell me everywhere you go, and to make your letters as interesting as possible!



MR. YOUNGHUB.—I can't live a week with her away:—you bet I'll make my letters interesting!



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EXTRACT FROM THIRD LETTER.—"Can only write a few lines—too much overcome:—have been to six theatres this evening to see the living pictures. Language fails me—such faces, such figures, such poses! Don't worry about me—I am having an immense time!"

MRS. YOUNGHUB (returning on fourth day).—No doubt you are sorry to have your reckless dissipation cut short; but the next time I go away and leave you alone, Mr. Younghub, you'll know it!

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